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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO SINCERITY:

BY THE LATE J. BROWN, OF BELFAST.

WHENCE art thou gone, thou goddess rare,
The splendid precincts of the court,
And stately dome, are not thy care,
Nor is the palace thy resort.

Perchance thy noble artless mien
On this ignoble ball's unknown,
Or if thou still dost grace the scene,
Thou liv'st sequestered and alone.

'Tis thus where earth's deep caverns lie
Within the crystal studded grot,
Some gem unseen by mortal eye,
Pellucid cheers the lonely spot.

I'll still pursue thee goddess rare,
Whilst thro' this devious world I rove,
For where thou dwell'st, and only there,
Dwell friendship, honesty, and love.

When flattery darts her dazzling beam,
To lead the youthful step astray,
Oh ! may I dread the fatal gleam,
The false, infatuating ray.

Oh ! may I see within my cot,
The sweetest boon that Heaven can give,
A friend to point my errors out,
Whose heart those errors can forgive.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

WELOMME, little stranger ! welcome,
To your parents fond embrace !
Welcome, gift of bounteous Heaven,
Added to the human race !

If to length of days, thy Maker
Should thy thread of life extend,
Pain perhaps, as well as pleasure,
May upon thy course attend.

But if virtue be thy portion,
Thou thy little bark mayst sail
Through this world's stormy ocean,
Fearing neither tide nor gale.

Hear ! O, hear ! Divine Creator !
Bless'd Redeemer, lend an ear !
Holy Spirit ! best Director !
Hear a parent's fervent prayer :

May this gift with which I'm honour'd,
Honour thee the Donor still !
May his talents, thoughts and actions,
Be devoted to thy will.

Whether castle, camp, or cottage,
Wealth or want, should be his fate,
Be his character and conduct
Still an honour to his state.

May he to his king be loyal,
To his country's weal a friend,
Brave in danger, bold but gentle,
Ever faithful to his friend.

If a scene of want's affliction
He in affluence should spy,
May the lovely tear of pity
Brighten in his manly eye.

May he ever scorn oppression,
Modest merit still befriend ;
Be the advocate of justice,
Injured innocence defend.

Grant, my God, one more petition,
That in duty as I'm bound,
In the care of this thy blessing,
Worthy of the charge I'm found.

Newry.

THE CELEBRATED SONNET OF BARREAU,
ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.*

O, THOU ! whose laws on equity are
fram'd,
Whose sovereign will delights in boun-
teous deeds :
But ah ! so oft thy anger I've inflamed,
If thou wouldst pardon—lo ! thy justice
bleeds.

Yes, God of Hosts ! my flagrant crimes
but give
Thee pow'r to chuse which of thy bolts
to throw ;
Thy honour cannot suffer that I live,
And e'en thy mercy bids Thee strike the
blow.

* For other translations of this sonnet
see the Belfast Magazine, vol. IV., for
1810, page 100, 124, and 202.